THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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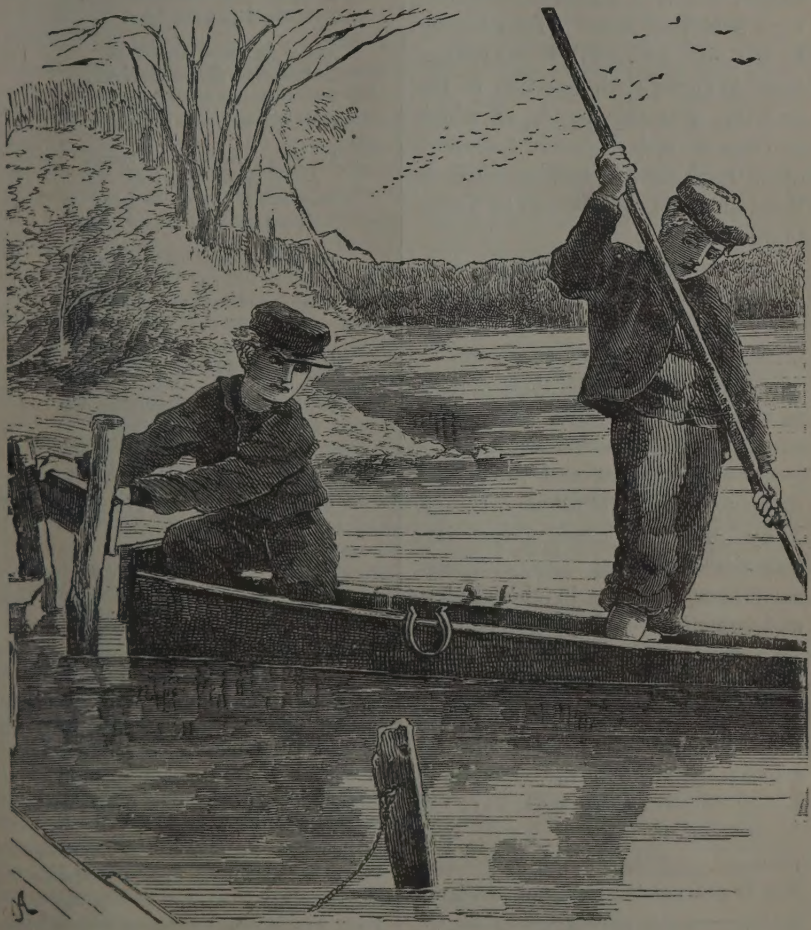

HAVING A GOOD TIME.

BOTH of our pictures this month show children having a good time. In our first picture you see Charlie Sanger and Willie Turner just pushing a boat from shore. They belong in the city, and think it the best of sport to spend their vacation in the country near this pond, of which you see a small part, and to paddle about in this rough-looking boat. Is there any thing that boys like better than a boat?

Our second picture, like the first, shows two city children having a good time in the country. Their names are Alice and George Smith. They have come with their mother to visit their Aunt Sarah, who lives on a large farm, where there are a great many horses and cattle and sheep and hens, and all such things. They have gay times every day, sometimes feeding the chickens, sometimes running in the garden, and sometimes playing in the hayfield, as you see in the picture. Sometimes they take a long ride with their mother. Alice is rather rude just now, and her little brother is somewhat frightened at the thought of being all covered up with hay, but he will crawl from under it in a moment, and then laugh at the fun. We hope that his big apple will not be lost, nor his playthings broken.

For the Dayspring.

THE TIRED SUN.

Translated from the German.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

THE sun is quite worn out to-night,
How pale he looked just now,
As with a blue and crimson cloud,
He wiped his weary brow.

Ah! he hath very much to do,
Throughout the summer's day,
No wonder that he tired is,
He hath no time to play.

For he must hasten to the homes,
And in the windows peep,
Then with a tap upon the pane,
He wakens all who sleep.

Now to the flowers next he flies,
And dresses every one
In raiment of most radiant hue,
Such texture ne'er was spun!

He meets a thirsty little bee;
To him he gives a sup,
Of clear and brightly sparkling dew,
From out the flowerets' cup.

He finds the brownest, ripest seed,
For birdlings must be fed;
He kisses the wee cherry's cheek,
It blushes rosy red.

This and more doth the busy sun,
While shines the day's bright light,
Yet merrily he goes to bed,
And smiling says, "Good-night!"

IF children only knew the loving care and unwearied labor bestowed upon them in early life by their mothers, we think they surely would never allow a cross or unkind word to escape their lips, nor would they fail to yield a ready obedience to their mother's wishes. Be to your mother what she is to you, — a comfort, a joy, and a blessing. Say to yourself, "I will do what my mother desires me to do; I will be what she desires me to be."

For The Dayspring.

TRICKY TOM.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

TOM BROWN was a splendid boy, but he would play tricks upon any and all persons and occasions. He delighted to hide his mother's thimble or scissors when she was particularly busy, mislay his father's eye-glasses, and tickle his poor old grandmother's ear with a feather when she fell asleep over her knitting. Sarah, the cook, often declared "she'd leave if that boy didn't stop his foolin';" but he was such a loving, good-natured boy that all his pranks were forgiven after the first angry moment. His sister Kate had the most to bear from him; for you know that boys dearly love to tease their sisters. Tom frightened her very much on one or two occasions. Once on going to her room she found her bed occupied. She screamed and ran out into the hall, when a suppressed titter from behind the door changed her fright to anger. She cried, "It's that dreadful boy Tom! Papa, I wish you would punish him well, for he has dressed up a figure and put it in my bed on purpose to frighten me!" Mr. Brown did scold him severely, and Tom was very quiet for a day or two. But he could not keep out of mischief for any length of time. As the family sat at breakfast one morning, waiting for him to make his appearance, a snarl and hiss were heard, and in bounced Lady Jane Grey, Kate's pet cat. Her neck was encircled by a large ruff of white paper, while on each paw was a walnut shell. You can imagine how she looked, and how her back was arched, and how big her tail grew, as she struggled frantically to shake off the shells and release herself from the ruff. Kate sprang to her rescue, stripped off her adornments, and was soothing and petting her, when in walked Master Tom, looking as demure and innocent as possible. His sister immediately accused him of teasing her poor pussy. Tom equivocated for a time, but finally owned up, excusing himself, however, by saying that "he was only fixing up Lady Jane in the fashion."

One evening soon after this, Kate was sitting in her mamma's little sewing-room, curled up in the big chair. She was thinking of the party she was to attend on the next day, and of the nice time she was sure of having there. There was no light in the room, and through the windows—the curtains of which had not been drawn—could be seen the dark night, illumined only by a few stars. Suddenly there appeared at the window a hideous face. The eyes were balls of fire, the nostrils breathed flame, while the mouth was a glowing cavern. With a loud shriek Kate rushed into the next room and told her parents of the frightful monster. Her father hastened to the sewing-room, into which the fiery head was still staring. He called Sarah and inquired if Master Tom was in. "No," she replied, "he is off with his comrades." "Then he is at the bottom of this affair," said Mr. Brown, and went off to look for him. He found him under the sewing-room window, holding a pole aloft, on the top of which was a hollow pumpkin. Eyes, nose, and mouth had been cut in it, through which shone the light of a candle, which had been carefully placed inside, producing an effect calculated to startle even a bold person if seen on a dark night. Tom was crouching there, chuckling to himself over the success of his scheme, when he was suddenly collared from behind, and marched into the house by his father, while the pumpkin was left to its fate. After a severe lecture upon the danger of playing

such tricks upon timid persons, and the information that he had forfeited his pocket money for that week, Tom was sent to make up with Kate. This was speedily accomplished, for he was loving and lovable in spite of his mischievous ways, and she was generous and forgiving, so they were soon seated together in a corner, playing a game of dominos in the happiest way.

Tom's favorite trick, however, was to make others think that he was hurt. He would scream, "Come quickly, mamma! Sarah!" in a voice full of terror, and when Mrs. Brown would rush to the yard, dropping thread, scissors, and work on the way, and Sarah would follow close behind, with her hands covered with dough, both expecting to find the boy either dying or dead, he would be greatly pleased, and spring out from some ambush safe and sound, crying, "Fooled you that time, didn't I?"

After having time and again rushed to the cellar to see if he had fallen into the cistern; to the attic for fear he was hanging from the window; to the barn, thinking he had fallen upon the tines of the pitchfork, and having always found him safe, his family declared that they would never run for him again, no matter how loudly he might call. His father told him that some time he might be in great danger, and meet with some severe accident because his calls for help would not be responded to; for he had deceived his friends so many times that they had lost all faith in him.

Tom only laughed, saying as boys often do, "Don't worry, papa. I guess I can take care of myself."

But he was destined to reap the reward of his folly. One afternoon during the summer vacation, Mrs. Brown and Grandma were sitting in the sewing-room, busy with some light needle work. Kate was just outside on the piazza, lazily swinging back and forth in the willow rocking-chair. Sarah had finished her house work and was sitting on the back doorstep, hemming a towel. Suddenly they heard a piercing cry, followed by "Mamma! Sarah! save me!" They started up involuntarily, but resumed their seats, Kate saying, "It's one of his dreadful tricks, mamma, don't go to find him this warm day." Another shriek and a dull thud brought them to their feet again, and all hastened in the direction of the sounds. They found poor Tom lying in a heap at the foot of the grape trellis. Sarah reached him first, and raising him in her strong arms began to moan and cry over him.

"Oh the poor darling is knocked speechless," she said to Mrs. Brown, who hung over him pale and tearful.

They carried him to the house and laid him on the lounge. When the doctor arrived he found that his ankle was sprained and that he had received a severe blow on the head.

On recovering from his fainting fit, he was able to tell the cause of his accident. He was on the top of the trellis, trying to perform some of the tricks which he had seen at the circus, when his foot slipped and he fell; the leg of his trousers catching on an iron hook, he hung suspended ten feet from the ground. He called loud'y for help, but none came, and his clothes giving way he fell heavily to the ground.

The setting of his ankle caused him much pain, but he did not murmur, for he knew that he had brought it on himself, and that if he had not deceived his relatives so many times they would have hastened at his first cry, and released him from his position.

His father, although grieved to see his boy suffer, could not refrain from reminding him that he had warned him some time

before of the probability that his tricks would end in sorrow to himself.

"I know it, papa, and you were right. If my foot ever gets well, I won't do so again."

He had a long time to think of it, for many weeks went by before his ankle became strong again, and during that time he did not play a single trick on any one. He was so subdued that Lady Jane Grey forgave all his former teasing, and, cuddling herself up in a round ball of fur upon his lounge, helped him to while away the weary hours.

A BUTTERFLY'S MORAL.

A BOY, on perceiving a beautiful butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colors, that he pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then he endeavored to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect, perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with the utmost calmness in the following words: "Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure, like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but, if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in thy grasp." — *Selected.*

AN ounce of keep your mouth shut is better than a pound of explanations after you have said it.

For The Dayspring.

SADIE.

BY ELMER LYNNDE.

"BLANCHE, come here a moment, I have something to tell you," said Mrs. Wentworth, as her beautiful young daughter was passing through the hall.

She was on her way out to the park, and was dressed exquisitely, from the chip hat with its delicate trailing vine, down to the perfect-fitting French boot; but her general appearance was that of one entirely devoted to fashion, without any regard for any thing higher.

As she entered the room, her mother's eye rested with pride and delight on her faultless appearance.

"What is it, mamma," asked Blanche smilingly, "not to stay out too late, not to get tired, not to be at all unladylike?"

"No, pet," replied her mother, "I have no advice to give you just now, I believe, but I received a letter a short time ago from your Aunt Valeria, whom you have never seen. She is very desirous that her daughter Sadie should come and spend a month with us, as she is not very well and she thinks the change would do her good. What do you think of it, dear? Sadie is very near your own age, about fifteen I think, and of course you will have to pay her some attention. Then they have always lived very plainly, and of course her style and appearance would be very different from what you have been accustomed to."

"Is she unfashionable, mamma?"

"I am afraid she is, my dear. Sister Valeria was always rather puritanical in her notions, and never had very much to do with dress or fashion; but I suppose Sadie must come, and we will have to make the best of it."

"Well, mamma, I suppose we will," replied Blanche, with a slight pout on her beautiful lips; "but good-by, I am off;" and the long light hair went waving away, looking like a distant sunbeam.

The answer to Mrs. Conley's letter was written and sent, and a week or two more brought another fresh young life to the Wentworth mansion.

Sadie was received by the different members of the household with a formal politeness. Mrs. Wentworth prided herself on her good breeding, but Sadie felt the need of something more. She was not demonstrative herself, but she was loving and had been surrounded with an atmosphere of love at home.

In the light of her cousin's rare beauty during her visit she did not shine, but her sweet face speedily attracted those she met, and her lovely character made them her firm friends.

She was very unselfish, and although on her arrival she did feel chilled at the cool reception she met with, she attributed it to city manners and determined to gain the love of those around her.

Her room was charming, with its rich, tasteful furniture and such luxurious surroundings as she never expected to come in contact with; still her happiness did not depend on such things, and Blanche soon found it out, much to her amazement.

"Why, Sadie," said she one day, after her cousin had been describing her country home to her, "do you mean to say that you are perfectly contented living way off in Brookville, so far from the theatres and operas and concerts. Why, the very fact that I could not hear Kellogg and Cary and a host of other singers would make me perfectly miserable."

"Well, Blanche," said Sadie, "I love music dearly, and I should enjoy hearing fine singing very much, but there is so much to occupy my time at home that I have very little left for longings."

"Why, Sadie, what do you find to do in such a quiet little place as Brookville must be?"

"Well, in the first place I am attending school still — not a French school, though, like yours, but the academy in our village, which is a grand old place for study, I can tell you. Then I have my flowers to attend to and a great many little things to do for mother, who is not very strong."

"Yes, but that is all work; what do you do when you want to have a good time?"

"We make up a picnic party and go off to the woods. Don't you love the woods, Blanche?"

"The woods!" said Blanche, opening her brown eyes very wide; "I never went to the woods in my life. We always go to the sea-shore in summer, for we meet so many we know there and have such grand hops and such splendid times. I have a perfect horror of the woods, too, on account of the snakes and bugs and things."

This time it was Sadie's turn to look surprised, and she was indeed very much astonished to think that such a thing could be possible as a young girl of her own age never having been to the woods. "As to snakes," she said, "I never saw but one in my life, and that was a harmless little green one that ran away as fast as possible. The bugs have never harmed me in the least, and some of them are just lovely to look at. But I think you would like the rowing, Blanche. Are you fond of the water? We do have splendid times in the boat."

"What! a row-boat, Sadie? I was never in one but once, and glad enough to get out again. I thought I was surely going

to drown. But what do you do your evenings? Don't they drag?"

"No, indeed, Blanche. We have books and visits from friends, and then, Wednesday evening, we go to the prayer meeting."

"What, go to church through the week, Sadie? I find it hard enough to go on Sunday. You must be wonderfully good."

"No, Blanche, not good, but I want to be. But there was a time when I felt very much as you do," she added, her face lighting up so beautifully that Blanche wondered she had never thought her cousin remarkably pretty before.

"Well, Sadie," said Blanche, more moved than she cared to show by her cousin's words, "I must go, mamma is calling me."

"Oh, how beautiful she is!" thought Sadie, as Blanche left the room. "What a lovely Christian she would make, and how much good she could do by her sweet face and ways!"

Blanche said to herself as she passed through the hall, "What a splendid girl that cousin Sadie is! but I am afraid I never could be like her, yet I know she is right."

When the time came for Sadie to return home, not only Blanche but her father and mother as well regretted the necessity of her going. The cold, fashionable manner which had surrounded them on her arrival had thawed out, and they expressed quite warmly their regret at her departure. They had found her unexpectedly ladylike and lovely, and Blanche particularly felt that she should miss her.

Her last words were as she bade her good-by at the depot, "I am coming to see you next summer, Sadie, for I want you to tell me more about the right way."

For The Dayspring.

THE CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN GLEN.

BY REV. GEORGE OSGOOD.

THE wanderer, in the mountain pass,
Upon some sunny bank of grass
Or mossy rock might see
A group of children at their play,
As passed the fleeting hours away,
In gladness, hope, and glee.

The steepest crags they climbed along,
They crossed the torrents, wild and strong,
Without a sign of fear;
And in the dark and wooded dell,
Like notes of warbling birds, would swell
Their voices, sweet and clear.

Their wreaths of green and flowers they made
While sitting by the wild cascade,
That bright and silvery stream
Whose clear and sparkling waters glide
Adown the mountain's rugged side,
In morning's golden beam.

And should the wanderer meet again
The children of the mountain glen,
In scenes where he may roam,
Again will turn their earnest eyes
Where woods and rocks sublimely rise
Around their earlier home.

For in that home they still may hear,
In brook and bird, the wood-notes clear,
Which lift the thoughts above;
And still with cheerful trust may see,
In tender flower and lofty tree,
The father's care and love.

CRAWFORD NOTCH, N. H.

IDLENESS is the mother of many wanton children. They that do nothing are in the ready way to do worse than nothing. It was not for nothing that we are called out of nothing.

STOP to think, boys, as to which way the step you are about to take tends, — upward, or downward.

ENJOY your own life without comparing it with that of another.

For The Dayspring.

LETTERS FROM A GRANDMOTHER.

II.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — I know you think of *lucifer matches* as most trifling and unimportant things, but if you had lived without them (as in my young days), you would, I assure you, see how essential they have proved to our comfort, so that their discovery may be called one of the most useful modern inventions.

In my youth, the only method of striking a light was by using a tinder box, containing a flint and steel, and some punk — or light wood — or cotton waste to make a blaze. Many a time I have seen people take a live coal (for wood was our only fuel), and puff and blow away to get a spark, and people who had no tinder box would beg a coal from their neighbors, and carry it carefully on a shingle covered with another to light their own fires, and the brands would be most carefully covered up at night to preserve them.

In the living room (for in those days the dining table was usually laid while all the family were round) there would be a rousing fire. First a big back-log was laid on, then an equally large fore-stick, and smaller wood on top, till a jolly blaze leaped up and danced, and made the big brass andirons glitter, and it was warm and cosey round the fire, but cold enough in the back of the room. A plate-warmer was put before the fire to heat the dinner plates. The entries were bitter cold, and we ran quickly from room to room.

In the kitchen was a wide fireplace with big logs, and sometimes a wooden settle with a high back to keep off the draughts from the doors. In the big fireplace hung a crane from which were suspended the pots and kettles, an open-mouthed kettle always there. All the small biscuit and bread was baked in a bake kettle, when you heated the cover on the fire and then put live coals on top. Meat was roasted on a jack, — a long spit put through the meat with a pan underneath, and supported on irons at each end, — while a long chain hung from a box near the ceiling, which was wound up like a clock, and kept the spit slowly turning round and round. Sometimes a little dog was put in a cage, like a squirrel cage, which you have seen turning round, and so he kept the meat turning, and if you have read about Whittington, he (while a boy) was set to turn the spit. Later, tin kitchens came into use, when the cook turned the spit. Now all this is discarded, and in the city we have ranges, and cooking stoves in the country, and meat is baked in ovens, which is not (by the way) half so good as roasted. All *large* baking was done formerly in brick ovens, which were next the fire on the broad hearth. Piles of light wood were put in till it was red hot; then it was tested; and, if it was thought cool enough, brown bread and beans, and pies innumerable, and white loaves were thrust in, and a splendid feast was prepared which lasted many days.

On washing days the big tubs used to be brought up from the cellar, and a large brass kettle hung over the fire for boiling the clothes.

Now-a-days labor is lightened in every way: set tubs and set boilers and furnaces in our cellars, all so neat and simple. Our parents and grandparents led more laborious lives.

It was found our woods would be exhausted, and coal mines were opened about fifty years ago in the Western States, and now it is almost universally used.

Your loving Grandmamma.

For The Dayspring.

THE BASKET OF EGGS.

BY M. O. J.

PEG, Peg! where are you, you imp?"

"Here, ma'am;" and a pale, thin, frightened child came up the cellar-stairs, carrying a pan of potatoes, too heavy for her small strength. Her calico dress was faded and patched, her feet bare, and blue with cold, and her figure stooping, from the hard toil that was her lot. Her story is one of thousands; born in a home made wretched by intemperance, left an orphan, and then grudgingly afforded the poorest shelter and food by the woman who had "taken" her for the work she could make her do.

"Make haste now, and start the fire, and put on your 'taters."

"Have you got Johnny to sleep?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And made the beds?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And swept upstairs?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, take the basket out of that 'ere cupboard, and get a dozen eggs at the corner. Mr. Tyler's mother's coming to-night. The old plague," she added to herself, as she went into the pantry to get her "stuff for pies." "Wish she was 'cross Jordan, where she belongs, — *old* enough, I'm sure; but she's got money, and we must be civil, or, like 's not, she 'd cut Joe off. 'Money makes the mare go;'" with which highly original and brilliant metaphor, she returned to the kitchen.

"Here, you lazy bones," she called after the child, "don't go to breaking 'em now, with your careless ways; and if you're not back inside o' ten minutes, I'll give ye *that*, d'ye see?" — with a triumphant flourish of her rolling-pin toward the shelf over the stove, where a huge switch was "kept handy" for all possible occasions of offence.

"Yes, ma'am," said the poor drudge, humbly enough outwardly, but the flash in the child's eyes, and as "ma'am's" back was turned, the sudden clinching of the small fist, and vigorous "making-up faces" she dared indulge, for one delicious moment, might have told any one of keen observation that there was fire in her nature, which would not always be suppressed by slavish fear. Let years bring her strength of form and muscle, and the spirit within, so wronged and injured now, would assert itself. Then let the oppressor beware!

Something of this had at times met Mrs. Tyler's eye, and made her uneasy. She had an unconfessed fear that she would not long be able to manage "Peg," and felt half-inclined to turn her adrift.

Poor little one! She sped along as fast as she could with her bare feet, over the icy pavement, grasping tightly in her red palm the money for the eggs, lest she should lose it. Not much screen from the bitter cold was the remnant of a shawl that was tied over her shoulders, or the overgrown bonnet, Mrs. Tyler's cast-off. She reached the grocery, paid for a dozen eggs, and started on her way back. It had begun to snow quite fast. The flakes dashed into her eyes, and in her haste, with feet nearly benumbed by cold, she slipped at a crossing, and fell, bruising her arm and side, and severely cutting her knee on a sharp fragment of ice. Heedless of the pain, she rose to her feet, and caught up her basket, but the eggs! — every one was shattered. She stood for a moment, as if spell-bound, looking at the dirty mass, and then burst into wild sobbing.

"What now, my little girl? Sho, — that's bad! Tumbled down, hey? Hurt?"

The child looked up in surprise at the kind tones, and the gentle though firm hand that set her back on the side-walk, safe from passing teams. It was an elderly man, in well-worn clothes, but in look and bearing a gentleman.

"Hurt?" he repeated.

"Oh! it ain't that, sir," she said, standing on one foot, and rubbing her bruised knee, while the tears streamed down her thin cheeks, marking their way by long lines through the dirt. "It's the eggs — the eggs, — a whole dozen, sir, and she hardly ever buys more'n six?"

"Well, well, she won't scold you, will she? It was an accident, — couldn't be helped, you see, your falling down so. Your mother won't blame you. Just tell her all about it."

"Oh! but she ain't my mother, sir;" the girl lifted her small brown face almost proudly; "*that thing* ain't my mother, I tell *you*."

"What is she, then?" asked the old gentleman, a smile struggling with the corners of his mouth.

"She — she's a woman I live with, — that's all."

"What's your name, my dear?"

"Mother used to call me Margaret, or Maggie; but *she* calls me Peg," the child answered, a flash of anger, and almost hatred, in her eye.

"Then you haven't a mother?"

Like Topsy, poor Margaret had "no father nor mother nor nothin;" and Mr. Richford, learning this, began to think she might be right as to the agreeable prospect before her.

"She'll beat me — she will — oh!" and a prolonged howl followed the pathetic announcement.

"Look here now, — stop this! She won't do any such thing, if you'll listen to me, and behave yourself," said the old gentleman hastily, glancing nervously about him. "Let me see the basket. Isn't much hurt — dirty before — come into this grocery here, and I'll get some eggs for you."

What a look the child gave him! Incredulous, astonished, grateful beyond words! Mr. Richford smiled; he was more than repaid. The eggs were soon in Margaret's basket; and cheered and relieved, not alone that her loss was replaced, but by the sympathy, kindness, and good-will, so foreign to her usual experience, she went her way as fast as she could, for she still feared she should be so long absent as to incur a whipping.

Mr. Richford saw the fear in her eyes, and, after a moment's thought, he followed her at a little distance, meanwhile considering what he could do for her. The "Children's Mission" occurred to his mind. The child had no parents. If her story were true, she would probably be easily given up; and in the Mission she would be kindly cared for and instructed, till some home of adoption could be found for her.

Tapping at the door soon after she entered, he made some errand, and soon led the woman to speak of the little girl. When she had declared that she was a pest and a torment that didn't earn her salt, — that time and again she had been of a mind to send her to the almshouse, and she would if she was laid up with a lame knee, — "she'd no business to fall down, and she'd get no nursing there in her house," — the way was open; and going on cautiously, he offered at last to take the child off her hands. With some difficulty, and taking care to have her understand that, though entire rest and some attention would probably soon cure Margaret's knee, it might become a very serious

thing *if she worked*, he finally obtained Mrs. Tyler's consent.

"Will you go with me, my dear?" he asked, turning to the little girl. "As I'm in a hurry, ma'am, I'll take her right along."

"But she don't look very nice," objected the woman, not mentioning, however, the fact that Margaret had no better clothes than those she wore, and scarcely a change. "If you'll leave her a day or two, I'll fix her up a bit."

"Well, ma'am, you see I live out of town, and I'm going home to-night; it's almost car-time now, — so I think I'll take her along; good-by."

And the bewildered child followed him from the house, and out of the close, dirty street, as if in a dream; dreading to awake to the reality of her old life.

The poor little waif was kindly welcomed and received at the Mission; Mr. Richford, at the risk of having to take a late train, waiting half an hour to see her after she was washed and dressed.

When she came again to the parlor, tidily clothed, with well-brushed hair, her excitement and joy giving a faint tinge to her pale cheeks, and a light to her hazel eyes, she seemed so changed in that short time, that he raised his hands with an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, I never! She's stepped out like a princess in a fairy tale. I'd like to take her home myself, I declare I would. But Betsey's feeble, and I don't know how she'd bear the care. I wish we were both ten years younger. Well, I must be off, or lose the last train, and Betsey would go wild. Good-by, my child; be a good girl, and God bless you! God bless the Mission," he added, as he left its door, "and the true hearts there, that in the very spirit of Jesus snatch these brands from the burning!"

Tea was ready when Mr. Richford reached home, and his wife ready to welcome him, and hear whatever he might have to tell of his day in town. How cosey the warm, lighted room, in contrast with the cold and storm outside! How nice the table, with snowy cloth and shining silver, and "comfortable" fare! For it was a country supper; fragrant tea, hot biscuit, and steak; honey, and golden butter. How cheery the blazing fire, with pussy purring on the rug before it! For Mr. Richford always *would* have an open fire, because "mother did." It was nothing to the purpose in his mind, that an air-tight would be far more comfortable with half the work, neither he nor his wife liked headaches and dry throats well enough to use coal; so they had the open wood-fire, and Betsey, good soul, wore a little shawl of shetland wool, and thought she "liked it."

"You did just right, Benjamin." Was it the thousandth time in her life she had said that? It was none the less music in his ears. "You always have time to do a kindness."

Mr. Richford rubbed his hands, and looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"I declare, Betsey," he said slowly, "I a'most wanted to bring her home. She's as pretty a little girl as you'll find any day; as pretty as — let me see — Flora Landon over there, you know," with a motion of his hand. "If we were younger, Betsey, say ten years or so, I'd like to have that child."

For a moment the old lady looked surprised; but in kindness of heart and promptitude of action her husband was not a whit beyond her; and after a little thought, she said, —

"It might be, even now, Benjamin; that is, if she is the right sort of a child for us. We have enough and to spare, as far as

that goes. We couldn't manage an unruly one, you know; but there's such a difference in children. She might be as wild as a colt, and mischievous as a monkey, — or she might not. If she's a quiet little thing, I wouldn't mind the care. I do like to have a child in the house; and Annie's so far away, we only have her children once a year, you know." Annie Richford had been married for several years. "It might seem like having our little Susie again." Her voice was low, and her eyes shining through a mist, as she spoke that name. "Any way, Benjamin, we might let her come, next summer, for a visit. Just as like as not, she's never been in the country. We might try it two or three weeks, and see how it would do. She could sleep in the little bed-room off ours, as well as not. She'd have a good time; and then, if we didn't want to keep her, there would be no harm done. We needn't *say* any thing, you know, till we've tried."

The conclusion of the matter was that, after Margaret had been five or six months at the Mission, and greatly improved in manners and morals, our old gentleman found his way there again, and asked leave to take her home with him. As Mrs. Richford surmised, she had never seen the country. It was then in the fresh, glorious beauty of early June, and she was wild with delight. There was the rambling old farmhouse, with its many rooms and sunny nooks, its quaint, old-fashioned furniture, its porches and veranda, twined with honeysuckle, and its spacious attic for rainy days, where toys and story-books, relics of Annie Richford's childhood, were still to be found, — a mine of wealth to the little girl, who had never owned a pretty thing. There was the garden, with its roses and pansies, pinks and lilies, and grape-arbor. Magnificent elms and lindens swayed their branches over the low roof, and gave homes to countless birds. There were green fields and waving grain, and a rippling, singing brook, where she could sail shingle-boats, and throw in pebbles with a "splendid splash." Not far away were the cool, shady woods, with all their treasures; and in sight, the blue, silvery river, the village, and the misty, distant hills.

There was the old barn, with its hens' nests, to search every morning, its swallows and pigeons, its great mows and wide floorway, just the place for hide-and-seek; and there were home-pets in plenty; the horses and cows, pussy and her kittens, a long-bearded, coal-black goat, and Rover, the huge Newfoundland, who kept guard over the place and all its belongings. No wonder the child soon loved that home, and the kind hearts there, with all the strength of her warm, passionate nature. For *home* it was to her. Three weeks had passed like a dream to the child, and made the old people unwilling to let her go. She was adopted; and never again did the hated name of "Peg" fall on her ear; but Margaret or Maggie or Pearl, which Mr. Richford told her was the meaning of her name, and which she truly was to them.

Their efforts to lead the young girl to believe in the Father's love, and consecrate herself to Him, were crowned with success; for their daily life, in the very spirit of Jesus, had taught her its reality.

She grew more and more into their hearts as years passed on; and looking back to the day of her great misfortune, as she then thought it, — the broken eggs, — she dated from it all her happiness.

"Fairy eggs, mother," she said; "that held all my good fortune."

NEVER speak thoughtlessly of any one's faults.

For The Dayspring.

ENCHANTED.

THROUGH the summer trees
The moonbeams slanted,
When, all at once,
The grove seemed enchanted.
The flowers were not flowers,
But a troop of fairies,
Fluttering about
Like freed canaries;
Each water lily
A merry sprite,
Clad in golden wings
And gossamer white.
But the fireflies now
Were the tiniest band
Of all the fays
In fairy land;
And lady-birds, —
What a bright array
Of scarlet-coated
Elves were they!
The butterflies,
Each a fairy princess,
Fairer than all
In their rainbow dress.
While katydids! —
Never was seen
Aught so bright
As their shimmering green.
Yes! every thing
In the midsummer dell
Was surely under
A magic spell.
Even the little mortal
Called Mary,
When she fell asleep,
Now woke a fairy;
A fairy with wings,
Like all the rest,
In a robe of silver
Gossamer dressed.
Oh, yes, it was true,
The grove was enchanted;
And she was a fairy, —
Her wish was granted.
All round her they came,
The woodland fays,
With greetings kind
And words of praise.
Said one: "She never
Crushed a flower;
So welcome her now
To our moonlit bower."
"She fed the birds
In winter drear,"
Another one said;
"So greet her here."
Then a moonbeam spoke:
"She is loving too,
And never said
A word untrue."
"Then haste," cried all,
"Haste, little Mary!
For only one night
Can you be a fairy."
Only one night, —
Now her wish was granted;
And, oh! so many things
That she wanted.
Should she stretch her wings
And sail afar,
To the silver moon,
Or a twinkling star?
Should she dance with the fairies
All the night,
Or sail on the lake
With a water sprite?
No! for all these
Would only seem
With morning's light
Like a summer dream.
"And how shall I know
I have been a fairy?"
Now, half aloud,
Asked little Mary.
But, as she spoke,
All the band of fays
Came trooping along
In the moon's soft rays.
They told her whene'er
She smiled on a flower,
Or sang to a bird,
From this midsummer hour,
By a secret sign
She would understand
They knew she had been
In fairy land.
Then the water sprites
Gave her as well,
For a talisman,

A pearly shell,
All rainbow-hued,
Where the moon's soft light
Need only shine
On a summer's night,
When all at once,
Before her eyes,
The fairy dell
By magic would rise.
And now from the ferns
A Brownie sprang,
While his merry laugh
Through the midnight rang.
From an amber pipe
A bubble he threw,
Like crystal glass
Of rainbow hue, —
A fairy balloon,
With a tiny car,
That sailed away
Till it touched a star.
"See, little maiden!" he said,
"Would you sail
To fairy land
On a moonbeam pale,
Then take my gift;
Perhaps it may seem
Sometimes to you
Only a dream
To sail afar
On a bubble bright
Whenever you will
On a summer night,
When you awake
In morning's light,
And find you have slept
In your bed of white.
But then the Brownie's
Gift will show
It was not all
A fancy, you know."
Then the fairies clapped
Their hands, and sweet
Was the merry sound
Of their tripping feet,
And sweet the music
That rose and fell
With every breeze
That swept the dell.
A golden beetle,
A frog in green,
While a dragon-fly
Stood up between,
And played such strains
That even Mary
Danced as light
As the tiniest fairy.
So the night sped on,
And morning soon
Dimmed the light
Of the setting moon,
When all at once
The magic spell
That hovered over
The mossy dell
Was broken as if
By the light of day.
The flowers hung sweet
On the dewy spray,
Yet they bent to Mary,
And whispered low,
"We are fairies only
In moonlight, you know."
The birds were waking
On bush and bough,
But never they sang
To Mary as now.
And the water lilies,
One by one,
Were opening fair
In the morning sun,
While a knowing frog
Sat winking at Mary,
Just as if to say,
"You sly little fairy!"
Was it a dream?
Nay, here was the spell,
And here was the pipe
Of amber as well;
And yet through the trees
The sunbeams slanted,
And the grove to her
Was no longer enchanted.
But at night, when again
In her bed she lay,
And looked at her shell
In the moon's soft ray,
Why, sure enough,
The fairy green,
In its rainbow tints,
Was clearly seen.
Then the Brownie's pipe

To her lips she drew,
And away in a
Crystal car she flew,
Over the trees
And the hills afar,
Till the bubble burst
As it touched a star,
And then in her cot
Lay little Mary,
And wondered if e'er
She had been a fairy. RIPPLE.

HUMOROUS.

LITTLE ROBBY, aged three, has attended Sunday School one or two months. At play with an older brother, the other day, his original Adam so far got the better of him as to cause him to clinch his little fist and strike his brother. Brother Tom was about to retaliate with his more formidable weapon, when Robby cried out, "No, no, no! Teacher says oo mu'tn't strike back when oo is hit!"

A boy at a crossing, having begged for something of a gentleman, the latter told him he would give him something as he came back. The boy replied, "Your honor would be surprised if you knew the money I lose by giving credit that way."

A little boy in a Sunday School put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first-born of each household to be slain. The little boy listened attentively. At the proper interval he mildly inquired, "What would God have done if they had been twins?"

A rule of the Illinois Central Railroad provides that dogs shall not ride in a passenger car; but a big and ferocious bull-dog walked into a car at Chicago, appropriated a whole seat, and rode three hundred miles unmolested. "He had such a meaning smile," was the conductor's apology for not ejecting him.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.

My 6, 2, 9, 13, 23, 17, is a town in Massachusetts.

My 15, 11, 3 8, 16, 17, is a city in Europe.

My 13, 23, 18, 7, is an article of dress among the ancient Romans.

My 5, 20, 22, 21, 16, 10, is a color.

My 1, 11, 12, 9, 20, is a domestic animal.

My 19, 2, 22, 15, 11, 24, is a companion.

My 14, 16, 21, 15, 5, is a kind of wood.

My 4, 20, 7, 15, is the name of a Spanish coin.

My whole is the name of a celebrated author.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To depart.
2. A place in Southern Russia.
3. A girl's name.
4. To rule.
5. One of the five senses.
6. A part of the body.
7. To be true.
8. One of the sons of Jacob.
9. A vegetable.
10. A boy's name.

The initials give the name of a popular author.
The finals, one of his poems.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A rough branch. 2. A part of the face. 3. One of the great divisions of the earth. 4. Ornaments.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Childhood's Happy Days.

PUZZLE.

Cigar.

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